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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., AUGUST 25, 1875.

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For the Hartford Herald.

LINES.

BY ALEX. H. CUMMINS.

Telnety and eternal hills

Whose rugged brows have hung for years,
And o'er the ancient valley wept
Broad rivers of tears:

Whose towering peaks have kissed the sky,

In every strange, fantastic form,
And bared your rugged breast on high
To every storm,

Have met you felt in wintry blast,

Or softly sighing winds of spring,
The demon of slander, ghost-like, pass
To inflict its sting?

It cannot be, thy silent shades,

Wrap't in thy mystic solitude,
Would awe the serpent tongue of him
In such pretenses;

His small and contrite soul would fear

The mighty path of him above,
Whose glittering stars, far and near,
Is stretched in love;

Whose ear is deaf to those who hate

His neighbor and his neighbor's ail,
And 'twixt the mandate of his God—
"Good will to all!"

Though Caesar stained, perhaps, with crime,

And deeds of God were far between,
Yet no voice of slander stained the times,
Nor Caesar's queen,

For honest men were Romans then,

And true indeed each Roman daughter,
And death as much then out of place
As oil on water.

But time has changed—how sadly changed!

And man, the downward road has craven,
And mighty Rome, with wealth and fame,
Itself has fallen!

Palmyra, on her wide spread plain,

Her castles grim, and mighty towers,
Her armies proud with deeds of fame,
Mid Arcadian bowers.

Where barked her young and beautiful queen,

Whose smiles, like magic, round her shone,
But within whose breast a tyrant's heart
Lay cold as stone,

Would bewitch, and politic-like,

Twice would think before she spoke
The fit, which nations would see and know,
And raise in voice.

But, yet there's some that ne'er can see

From example, either great or small,
That he who wrongs his neighbor, friend,
Himself must fall!

The guilty heart that hides behind

A deceitful face, bedecked with smiles,
Itself will wear the mask away,
And show its gulf.

To the contempt of those who were made

The target of its envy, hate,
When apologies and fondling love
Will be too late!

But, oh, alas! how many life

Behind the cloak too often given—
The sacred emblem here on earth,
Of love in heaven—

To deceive their friends, their fellow men,

And calculate those neth the sod,
And crouch beneath Religion's shield
To deceive their God!

But a day of reckoning sure will dawn

To him who wrongs his fellow man,
When God will separate the strong—
The blood and dam'd!

Ellinor's Guardian;

—OR—

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDOX.

AUTHOR OF "AURELIA FLOYD," "LADY AUBLEY'S
SECRET," "JOHN MARGENTON'S LEGACY,"
"REVEREND TRIPLET," "LADY LINDA,"
"BARBARA HANCOCK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

HORACE MARGRAVE'S CONFESSION.

She lifted her face, all blinded and blot-
ted by her tears, and looking at him for
one brief instant, let it fall again upon her
hands.

"Your uncle died Ellinor, and the fair
elevation of this palace of my life, which
I had built with such confidence, was
shivered to the ground. The fortune was
left to you on condition that you married
Henry Dalton. Women are ambitious.

"You would never marry such a fortune.
You would marry young Dalton." This
was the lawyer's answer to the all-
important question. But those tender
gray eyes, looking up from under their
veil of inky lashes, had told a sweet
secret, and perhaps your generous heart
might count this fortune a very small
thing to fling away for the sake of the man
you loved. This was the lover's answer,

and I hoped still, Ellinor, to win my dar-
ling. You were not to be made acquaint-
ed with the conditions of your uncle's
will until you attained your majority.
You were, at the time of his death, barely
twenty years of age; there was, then, an
entire year in which you would remain
ignorant of the penalties attached to this
unexpected wealth. In the meantime, I,
as sole executor (your uncle, you see, trust-
ed me entirely), had the custody of the
faded property John Arden, of
Arden, had left.

"I have told you, Ellinor, that I was a
speculator. My profession threw me in
the way of speculation. Confident in the
power of my own intellect, I staked my
fortune on the wonderful hazards of the
year 1846. I doubled that fortune, trebled
it, quadrupled it, and, when it had
grown to be four times its original bulk,
I staked it again. It was out of my
hands, but it was invested in, as I thought,
so safe a speculation, that it was as secure
as if it had never left my hands. The
railway company of which I was a direc-
tor was one of the richest and most flour-
ishing in England. My own fortune, as I
have told you, was entirely invested, and

was doubling itself rapidly. As your
uncle's trustee, as your devoted friend,
your interests were dearer to me than my
own. Why should I not speculate with
your fortune, double it, and then say to
you, 'See Ellinor, here are two fortunes,
of which you are the mistress; one you owe
to Henry Dalton, under the conditions of
your uncle's will; the other is yours alone.
You are rich. You are free, without any
sacrifice, to marry the man you love; and
this, Ellinor, is my work.' This was
what I ought to have said to you at the
close of the great year of speculation,
1846."

"Oh, Horace, Horace! I see it all.
Spare yourself, spare me! Do not tell me
any more."

"Spare myself! No Ellinor, not one
pang, not one heart-break, I deserve it
all. You were right in what you said in
the boudoir at Sir Lionel's. The money
was not my own; no sophistry, no ingeni-
ous twisting of facts and forcing of con-
clusions, could ever make it mine. How do
I know even now that your interests was
really my only motive in the step I took?
How do I know that it was not, indeed,
the gambler's guilty madness only, which
impelled me to my crime? How do I
know? How do I know? Enough! the
crash came; my fortune and yours were
together engulfed in the vast destruction;
and I, the trusted friend of your dead
father, the conscientious lawyer, whose
name had become a synonym for hon-
or and honesty; I, Horace Welmoren Mar-
grave, only lineal descendant of the royal-
ist Captain Margrave, who perished at
Worcester, fighting for his king and the
honor of his noble race; I, Ellinor, was a
cheat and a swindler—a dishonest and
dishonorable man!"

"Dishonorable, Horace! No, no; only
mistaken."

"Mistaken, Ellinor? Yes, that is one
of the words invented by dishonest men,
to slur over their dishonesty. The fraud-
ulent banker in whose ruin the fate of
thousands, who have trusted him and be-
lieved in him, is involved, is, after all, as
his friends say, only mistaken. The clerk,
who robs his employer in the in-
sane hope of restoring what he has ab-
stracted, is, as his counsel pleads to a
soft-hearted jury, with sons of their own
only mistaken! The speculator, who
plays the great game of commercial haz-
ard with another man's money, he, too,
dares to look at the world with a pitiful
face, and cry 'Alas! I was only mistaken.'
No, Ellinor, I have never put in that
plea. From the moment of that terrible
crash, which shattered my whole life in-
to ruin and desolation, I have, at least,
tried to look my fate in the face. But I
have not borne all my own burdens, El-
linor. The heaviest weight of my crime
has fallen upon the innocent shoulders of
Henry Dalton."

"Henry Dalton, my husband?"

"Yes, Ellinor, your husband, Henry
Dalton, the truest, noblest, most honora-
ble, and most conscientious of men."

"You praise him so much," she said,
rather bitterly.

"Yes, Ellinor, I am weak enough and
wicked enough to feel a cruel pain in be-
ing compelled to do so; it is the last poor
duty I can do him. Heaven knows I
have done him enough injury!"

The exertion of talking for so long a
time had completely exhausted him, and
he fell back, half fainting, upon the pillows.

The sister of mercy, summoned from the
next apartment by Ellinor, administered
a restorative to him; and, in low, broken
accents, he continued—

"From the moment of my ruin, El-
linor, I felt and knew that you were forever
lost to me. I could bear this. I did not
think my life would be a long one; it had
been hitherto lit by no star of hope,
shone upon by no sunlight of love.
Vogue la gagnée! Let it go on its own
dark way to the end. I say, I could
bear this, but I could not bear the thought
of your contempt, your aversion; that
and that was too bitter. I could not come to you
and say, 'I love you, I have always
loved you; I love you as I never before
loved, as I never hoped to love; but I
am a swindler and a cheat, and you can
never be mine.' No, Ellinor, I could not do
this; and yet you were on the eve of com-
ing of age. Some step must be taken,
and the only thing that could save me
from this alternative was the generosity
of Henry Dalton."

"I had heard a great deal of your
uncle's adopted son, and I had met him
very often at Arden; I knew him to be as
noble and true a hearted man as ever
breathed the breath of human life. I de-
termined, therefore, to throw myself upon
his generosity, and to reveal all. 'He
will despise me, but I can bear his con-
tempt better than the scorn of the woman
I loved.' I said this to myself, and one
night—the night after Henry Dalton had
first seen you, and had been deeply fasci-
nated by the radiant beauty of my love-
ly ward, that very night after the day on
which you came of age—I took Henry
Dalton into my chambers in Verulam
Buildings, and, after binding him with
an oath of the most implicit secrecy, I told
him all."

"You now understand the cruel position
in which Henry Dalton was placed. The
fortune, which he was supposed to pos-
sess on marrying you, never existed. You

were penniless, except, indeed, for the
hundred a year coming to you from your
mother's property. His solemn oath for-
bade him to reveal this to you; and for
three years he endured your contempt,
and was silent. Judge now of the wrong
I have done him! Judge now the noble
heart which you have trampled upon and
tortured!"

"Oh, Horace, Horace! what misery
this money has brought upon us!"

"No, Ellinor. What misery one de-
viation from the straight line of honor has
brought upon us! Ellinor, dearest, only
beloved, can you forgive the man who has
so truly loved, yet so deeply injured you?"

"Forgive you!"

She rose from her knees, and smooth-
ing the thick, dark hair from his white
forehead, with tender, pitying hands, look-
ed him full in the face.

"Horace," she said, "when, long ago,
you thought I loved you, you read my
heart aright; but the depth and truth of
that love you could never read. Now,
now that I am the wife of another, another
to whom I owe so very much affection
in reparation of the wrong I have done
him, I dare tell you without a thought
which is a sin against him, how much I
loved you—and you ask me if I can for-
give! As freely as I would have resign-
ed this money for your sake, can I forgive
you for the loss of it. This confession
has set all right. I will be a good wife to
Henry Dalton, and you and he may be sin-
cere friends yet."

"What, Ellinor, do you think that, did
I not know myself to be dying, I could
have made this confession? No, you see
me now under the influence of stimulants
which give me a false strength; of excite-
ment, which is strong enough to master
even death. To-morrow night, Ellinor,
the doctors tell me, there will no longer
be in this weary world a weak, vacilla-
ting, dishonorable wretch called Horace
Margrave."

He stretched out his attenuated hands
drew her towards him, and imprinted one
kiss upon her forehead.

"The first and the last, Ellinor," he
said. "Good-by!"

His face changed to a deadlier white
than before, and he fell back, fainting.

The physician, peeping in at the half
open door, beckoned to Ellinor—

"You must leave him at once, my dear
madame," he said. "Had I not seen the
dreadfully disturbed state of his mind, I
should never have permitted this inter-
view."

"Oh, monsieur, tell me, can you save
him?"

"Only by a miracle, madame. A mir-
acle far beyond medical skill!"

"You yourself, then, have no hope?"

"Not a shadow of hope."
She bowed her head. The physician
took her hand in his, and pressed it with
a fatherly tenderness, looking at her ear-
nestly and mournfully.

"Send for me to-morrow," she said im-
pudently.

"Your presence can only endanger him,
madame; but I will send you tidings of
his state. Adieu!"

She bent her head once more, and with-
out uttering another word, hurried from
the room.

The following morning, as she was
seated in her own apartment, she was
once more summoned into the drawing-
room.

The sister of mercy was there, talking
to her aunt. They both looked grave and
thoughtful, and glanced anxiously at El-
linor, as she entered the room.

"He is worse!" said Ellinor to the
sister, before a word had been spoken.

"Unhappily, yes. Madame he is—"

"Oh, do not tell me any more! For
pity's sake! for pity's sake!" she exclaim-
ed. "So young, so gifted, so admired;
and it was in this very room we passed
such happy hours together, years ago."

She walked with tearless eyes to the
window, and, leaning her head against
the glass, looked down into the street be-
low, and out of the cheerless gray of the
autumn sky.

She was thinking how new and strange
the world looked to her now that
Horace Margrave was dead!

They erected a very modest tomb
over the remains of Horace Margrave, in
the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. There
had been some thoughts of conveying his
ashes to his native country, that they might
rest in the church of Margrave, a little
village in Westmoreland, the chancel of
which church was decorated with a re-
cumbent statue of Algernon Margrave,
cavalier, who fell at Worcester fight; but
as he, the deceased, had no nearer rela-
tions than a few second-cousins in the
army and the church, and a superannu-
ated admiral, his great uncle, and, as it
was furthermore discovered that the ac-
complished solicitor of Verulam Build-
ings, Gray's Inn, had left not a penny be-
hind him, the idea was very quickly
abandoned, and the last remains of the
deceased Horace were left to decay in the
soil of a foreign grave.

It was never fully known who caused
the simple tablet, which ultimately
adorned his resting-place, to be erected.
It was a plain block of marble, no pomp-
ous Latin epitaph, or long list of pos-
sues, was thereon engraved; but a half-

burned torch, suddenly extinguished,
was sculptured at the bottom of the tab-
let, while, from the smoke of the torch,
a butterfly mounted upwards. Above
this design there was merely inscribed
the name and age of the deceased.

The light following the day of Horace
Margrave's funeral, Henry Dalton was
seated, hard at work, at his chambers in
the temple.

The light of the office lamp falling
upon his quiet face, revealed a mournful
and careworn expressions not usual to
him.

He looked ten years older since his
marriage with Ellinor.

He had fought the battle of life, and
lost,—lost in that great battle, which some
hold so lightly, but which to others is an
earnest fight,—lost in the endeavor to
win the wife he could so tenderly and
truly have loved.

He had now nothing left to him but
his profession—no other ambition—no
other hope.

"I will work hard," he said, "that she,
though separated from me forever, may
still at least derive every joy, of those
poor joys which money can buy, from
my labor."

He had heard nothing of either Hor-
ace Margrave's journey to Paris, his ill-
ness, or his death. He had no hope of
being ever released from the oath which
bound him to silence—to silence, which
he had sworn to preserve so long as
Horace Margrave lived.

Tired, but still persevering, and ab-
sorbed in a difficult case, which needed
all the professional acumen of the clever
young barrister, he read and wrote on,
until past eleven o'clock.

Just as the clocks were chiming the
half hour after eleven, he heard the bell
of the outer door ring, as if pulled by an
agitated hand.

His chambers were on the first floor;
on the door below were those of a gentle-
man who always left at six o'clock.

"I do not expect any one at such an
hour; but it may be for me," he thought.

He heard his clerk open the door, and
went on writing without once lifting his
head.

Three minutes afterwards, the door of
his own office opened, and a person en-
tered unannounced. He looked up sud-
denly. A lady dressed in mourning, with
her face entirely concealed by a thick
veil, stood near the door.

"Madame," he said with some sur-
prise, "may I ask—"

She came hurriedly from the door by
which she stood, and fell on her knees
at his feet, throwing up her veil as she
did so.

"Ellinor!"

"Yes, I am in mourning for Horace
Margrave, my unhappy guardian. He
died a week ago in Paris. He told me
all. Henry Dalton, my friend, my hus-
band, my benefactor, can you forgive me?"

He passed his hand rapidly across his
eyes, and turned his face away from her.
Presently he raised her in his arms,
and, drawing her to his breast, said in a
broken voice—

"Ellinor, I have suffered so long and
so bitterly, that I can scarcely bear this
great emotion. My dearest, my darling,
my adored and beloved wife, are we, in-
deed, at last free from the terrible sec-
ret which has had such a cruel influ-
ence on our lives? Horace Margrave—"

"Is dead, Henry! I once loved him
very dearly. I freely forgive him the in-
jury he did me. Tell me that you for-
give him, too."

"From my inmost heart, Ellinor."

THE END.

For the Hartford Herald.

VIEWS OF A TEACHER.

As county papers are less under the
control of cliques and party patronage
than city papers, and derive their sup-
port more immediately from the county
people, they are found to be the readiest
media through which the common peo-
ple may give public expression to their
wants or grievances, almost every trade,
calling or profession has its grievances,
real or imaginary. The learned profes-
sions, as they are called, have theirs,
and find the public press a ready medium
through which to utter their griefs to the
world. Artisans and mechanics form
combinations to redress their wrongs,
and their strikes find sufficient editorial
vindication. The farmers under the name
of "Patrons of Husbandry," find the pub-
lic press irrespective of party, subservient
to their demands, and in a state of
general rivalry to become their organs.

But, there is another class so quiet and
unobtrusive as to be supposed either pec-
uniarily favored or so dumb and stupid
and assinine as to be utterly insensible to
their misery; namely, the class of Common
School Teachers. There is no doubt that
they are altogether too meek for their
own good, and it is reasonable to sup-
pose that Moses, who was the meekest
man in the world, must, long before he
turned his attention to law and tactics,
have been a school teacher and taught
the young idea how to shoot, before he
became the leader of the armies of Israel.

Men in high office, and enjoying the pec-
uniary advantages of the school system,

sometimes advert to the property and
need of "this poorly paid class," but
very little material interest comes from
their professed sympathy.

The school teachers are, indeed, an ex-
ample of meekness. Ignorant legisla-
tures make laws enabling hungry authors
of books to raid on the school fund in-
tended only for the payment of teachers,
and no audible complaint is made. Cur-
tailments of their respective portion of
the school fund are made for that purpose
and the teachers are coolly sent back to
collect the deficit, if they can, off their
subscribers and patrons—one-half of
whom perhaps are either indigent or in-
solvent, and bomb-proof against any at-
tempt to get a cent out of them, and no
murmur is heard. Arbitrary laws are
made creating what are called institutes,
which, from the brevity of their sessions,
might be classed among the ephemera—
and men dubbed professors—a title fast
becoming obnoxious to every body but
the owner, are imported into the county
to conduct them, in whose selection the
teachers have no more voice than so
many mummies, and which they are
compelled to attend and foot the bill of ex-
penses on pain of forfeiting their certifi-
cates, and they come up as quietly as sheep,
slaughtered. And there is no doubt to
be in the world that if the existence of that
law hung on the ratification or rejection
of the Common School Teachers of Ky., they
would quickly vote it into those distant
regions of the nether world, where gra-
vitation turns the other way. It would
be strange if the faculty of those institutes
were not apparent to every reflecting
mind, for how can it be expected that a
few days attendance at any place of in-
struction will enable a person to make
any improvement satisfactory to himself
or visible to others? And I would say to
those young candidates for schools, who
may be sanguine of having obtained the
master-key at an institute, that will un-
lock with ease, the hidden vaults and
darkest, deepest recesses of learning, like
the king's son who went to college, ex-
pecting to find a royal road to geometry,
by which he might avoid the drudgery
of ordinary study, that when the all-day
work of the school room—when the so-
lution of successive difficult problems in
arithmetic, and the analysis and parsing
of difficult sentences in grammar lessons
call for the utmost stretch of their know-
ledge, the visionary conceits that may
now prompt them to cry "eureka," in the
imitation of Archimedes, "like night's
swift dragons at the approach of day,
will cut the clouds full fast," and leave
them in the possession of their senses.

Attempts have been made to force a
uniformity of text-books upon the schools,
and teachers have been threatened with
suspension county boards of education and
majestic School Commissioners, with the
consequences of noncompliance with their
mandate—in other words the forfeit-
ure of their school money. The law
has been proved to be inoperative; teach-
ers have neglected it with impunity, and
nobody has been hurt. And I would say
just here, that though I consider Butler's
grammar an honor to the author, I would
deem the rejection of the Elementary
spelling book from the schools and the
introduction of Butler's, an insult to the
shade of Noah Webster. The Element-
ary spelling book is the best in America.

I shall conclude by saying a few words
on the subject of school examiners. It is
my opinion that those officers should be
depreciated so suddenly as scarcely to
give them time to communicate with
their dearest friends. As it is the busi-
ness and duty of a trustee to hire a teach-
er for his district, it ought to be his privi-
lege to exercise his right of choice as to
whom he employed, just as though he
employed a man to do any other kind
of work, but it is objected, trustees are not
qualified to examine teachers. I contend
that a great many trustees are qualified
to examine applicants for schools, and
they would do the work just as well and
a great deal cheaper than those appoint-
ed by law. If they are not highly edu-
cated, they can ascertain how the appli-
cant has succeeded in his previous
schools. If the applicant is an entire
stranger, as is often the case, the trustee
would have to guess at his qualifications
just as school examiners do under simi-
lar circumstances, though the examiners
might form a more correct opinion with
regard to the extent of his education,
they would be as ignorant as the trustees
with regard to his ability to conduct a
school and impart instructions; an item
which is important as education. And
there is another fact to be considered,
that school examiners are by no means
perfect themselves, and would be as likely
to fail if they went before their examining
boards for certification, as any ordinary
teacher. The truth is they owe their ap-
pointment more frequently to favoritism
and partiality than to any obvious superiority
in their qualifications.

R. C.

"Jessie, what was Joe's arm doing
around your waist when you were at the
front gate last night?" asked a precocious
boy of his sister. "His arm wasn't
around my waist; I won a belt from him,
and he was taking my measure," replied
the dignified young lady.

NOT GUILTY.

Accittal of Ridgely for the Killing of
Donally at Cynthiana—Ladies Im-
plored the District Attorney in his
Behalf—The Usual Inevitable Plea—Fi-
nale of the Double Murder.

Courier-Journal, 14th.

We learn from Judge J. Hop. Price,
who has just returned from Harrison
county, where he went to attend the trial
of Richard H. Ridgely for the killing of
Dr. C. P. Donally, in the courthouse at
Cynthiana, while on trial for the murder
of Dr. Peckover, the particulars of the
trial and the intelligence that Ridgely
was acquitted. Our readers are fami-
liar with the details of the double homo-
cide, and we will only give a brief resu-
me of the facts. Doctors Peckover and Do-
nally had been associated in the practice of
dentistry, but had dissolved their part-
nership. It seems that in the settlement
there was some dispute which resulted
in a quarrel at the time. The next day Do-
nally, on meeting Peckover, said that he
(Peckover) had called him a liar the day
previous, and pulling out a pistol shot
him dead. He immediately surrendered
himself to the authorities and was taken
to the courthouse for trial, which had just
begun when young Ridgely, whose sister
Peckover had married walked in, and,
drawing a pistol, shot Donally, killing
him instantly. Ridgely was at once taken
into custody, while two souls appeared
before the bar of God, the murderer to
meet his victim face to face.

The sympathy of all went out to young
Ridgely, who had always borne a charac-
ter irreproachable in every respect, being
a member of the church and a constant
attendant on services. He had served
the town of Cynthiana in the capacity of
Marshal, and had always given satisfac-
tion. His family were among the most
respected in the county, and the act which
made him the avenger of his sister's hus-
band was not looked upon in the light of
murder. Dr. Peckover was the father of
five or six children, and his death dis-
rupted that of a protector and supporter.

He had been almost a father to Ridgely,
and when the young man learned of the
death of his sister's husband and his own
benefactor, he did not think of the re-
sponsibility now devolving upon him to
in some way pay back in his sister's behalf
that kindness shown him by his sister's
husband, but, frenzied, shot down him
who, in wronging his sister, wronged him.

Dr. Donally was an unmarried man.
The trial of Ridgely began Thursday
at Cynthiana, before Judge Perkins,
whose rulings are reported as able and at
all times equitable. Considerable diffi-
culty was experienced in getting jurors,
it being almost an impossibility to find any
one who was not in sympathy with the
act. The Commonwealth was represented
by Judge Cicary of Covington, prosecu-
ting attorney for the district, who dis-
charged his duty to the State with fleeti-
ng and with fairness to the prisoner. The
prisoner was represented by Hon. Quincy
Ward, Harry Ward, and Judge West,
whose efforts in behalf of their client
were strenuous and faithful, and whose
arguments were rarely if ever equalled.
The women of the place, who attended
the trial in a holy, used every exertion to
get the prosecuting attorney to bear lightly
with the prisoner. The courthouse was
crowded during the entire trial by ladies
and gentlemen, and when the verdict of
acquittal was rendered, after about an
hour's absence of the jury, shout after
shout went up, and young Ridgely was
fairly besieged by his friends and over-
whelmed with congratulations. The sym-
pathy for the young man was so strong
that the fees paid the defence were made
up by the citizens, in which they would
not allow the family to bear any part.

The plea of the defense was insanity at
the time of the commission of the deed,
the well known and estimable character
of the young man prior being a strong ar-
gument in his favor. The fidelity of the
people of all classes to the fortune of
Ridgely in his darkest hour is an attesta-
tion of the fact that his was a cause which,
while exciting the greatest sympathy, was
not devoid of justice, the verdict in his
favor sustaining the assertion.